

FEBRUARY 19, 1925

PRICE 15 CENTS

Life



John Held Jr.

Silly Geese



CADILLAC *Custom-Built* BODIES

~at prices consistent with wise investment

Cadillac invites you to give free rein to your individual preferences when you purchase a V-63 Cadillac with Custom Body by Fisher. ¶ From among the twenty-four master color harmonies, select the one which pleases you above all others. Choose the particular style of upholstery, in mohair or cloth, which appeals to you as being most beautiful. . . . ¶ In this way, your Custom-Built Cadillac will faithfully reflect your own good taste. In this way, it will represent your personal ideal of beauty just as it represents the highest standard of dependable, vibrationless eight-cylinder performance. CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation



STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Where to buy BEN WADE PIPES

Kingman, Arizona—Kingman Drug Company
Alameda, California—Peel Bros.
Burlingame, California—Robert W. Gates, 1290 Burlingame Av.
Hollywood, Cal.—Hollman's Cigar Store, 6712 Hollywood Blvd.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's, B. H. Dyer Co., 7th St. at Olive, The M. C. King Cigar Co., 230 W. 4th St., London Pipe Shop, 623 S. Olive St.
Madras, Cal.—James & Leggett.
Monrovia, Cal.—The Sport Shop.
Palo Alto, Cal.—Morey's Smoke Shop, 123 University Av.
Pasadena, Cal.—J. Maurice Eckenrode, 114 E. Colorado St.
Sacramento, Cal.—Mason's Haberdashery, 622 "K" St., Sacramento Tobacco Company, 1005 "K" St.
San Francisco, Cal.—Hotel Whitcomb Cigar Store, Meade's Pipe Shop, 2156 Mission St., Robert M. Reilly, 290 Market St., Vitt Bros., 205 California St., Wolf Bros., 111 Montgomery St.
Santa Barbara, California—G. F. Churchill, 1216 State St.
Stockton, Cal.—Joe Gianelli Co.
Denver, Colo.—Jno. D. Ross Cigar Store, 1134 Fifteenth Street.
Bridgeport, Conn.—The Davis & Hawley Co., 906 Main St.
Hartford, Conn.—Steinmeyer Bros., 31 Pearl St., H. S. Weeks, 807 Main St.
New Haven, Conn.—John Gilbert and Son, Chapel & Temple Sts., University Smoke Shop, 1012 Chapel St.
Waterbury, Conn.—J. K. Jennes, 4 N. Main St.
Washington, D. C.—Wm. A. Henderson Co., 1432 N. Y. Av., N. W.
Atlanta, Ga.—Royal Cigar Co., 40 N. Forsyth St.
Rome, Ga.—Hale Drug Co.
Barrington, Ill.—J. A. McLeister.
Cairo, Ill.—Schub Drug Co., 912 Commercial Ave.
Canton, Ill.—Pfister Cigar Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. Bidwell, 4600 Broadway, A. Starr Best, Randolph St. at Wabash, Blackstone Hotel Cigar Stand, Albert Breitinger Stores, Max Bulka, 313 W. 63rd St., Cass Bros., 2344 W. Harrison St., Churchill's, 410 N. Michigan Av., Eckstader & Sandberg, 116 S. Michigan Av., Dolan's Segar Shop, 51 West Washington St., Eger and Co., 51 E. Adams St., J. J. Glassman, Granville Avenue & Winthrop, Greenstein Bros., 2360 W. Van Buren St., Fred J. Harris, 59 W. Monroe St., Philip Harnett Co., 71 W. Randolph St., Home Drug Co., 117 S. Clark St., La Salle Hotel Cigar Stand, Lilienfeld Bros. & Co., 22 W. Jackson Blvd., M. J. McLaughlin, 3046 Southport Av., W. F. Monroe Cigar Co., 5 S. Dearborn St., Louis Neuman & Co., 180 W. Madison St., E. P. Oakes, 20 21 Jackson Blvd., C. A. Rosenstein, 17 N. Wabash Av., L. & I. Rubovits, 11 Rd. of Trade Ct., A. M. Seckbach & Bro., 27 E. Jackson Blvd., Sherman Hotel Cigar Stand, Smucker-Fort Drug Co., Sheridan & Pratt Blvd., Smyrnes Bros., 2800 W. Madison St., H. Stern, 58 E. Washington St., S. A. Task, 574 E. 63rd St., Wengler & Mandell, 2 S. Dearborn St., Walgreen Co. Stores, T. M. Wood & Sons, 6433 Kenwood Av.
Cicero, Ill.—Cicero Smoke Shop, 4804 W. 22nd St.
Decatur, Ill.—Blakeney & Plum, 326 N. Water St.
Elgin, Ill.—Philip Schickler, 15 Chicago St.
Oak Park, Ill.—C. P. Walker, 400 Chicago Ave.
Quincy, Ill.—S. & S. Cigar Co., 525 Hampshire St.
Crown Point, Ind.—Boyce Drug Company
Fort Wayne, Ind.—T. Shovlin Cigar Stand, 1st Natl. Bk. Bldg.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Louis G. Deschler Company, 135 S. Illinois St., Charles Mayer & Co., 29 W. Washington St.
Kendallville, Ind.—Robert Fisher Cigar Store, 105 S. Main St.
Logansport, Ind.—The Boston Store
South Bend, Ind.—Miller-Mueller 103 N. Main St.
Des Moines, Iowa—W. F. Cahrio Company, 8th and Locust Sts., Saverud Drug Company, 610 Locust Street
Sioux City, Iowa—Foster Cigar Stores, 525 Pierce Street, Frances Pharmacy, 542 Pierce St.
Wichita, Kans.—The Lewis B. Solomon Cigar Company, 116 N. Topeka Av.
Covington, Ky.—L. B. Wilson Co.
Madisonville, Ky.—Lindsay's Drug Store
Presque Isle, Me.—U. J. Hedrick
Boston, Mass.—Estabrook & Eaton, 226 Washington St., L. J. Foretti Co., 933 Boylston St., Chas. B. Perkins Co., 56 Kilby St.

Why some men can't smoke pipes

... and other men can't be without them!



(Published in answer to thousands of inquiries of
"Why can't I enjoy a pipe?")

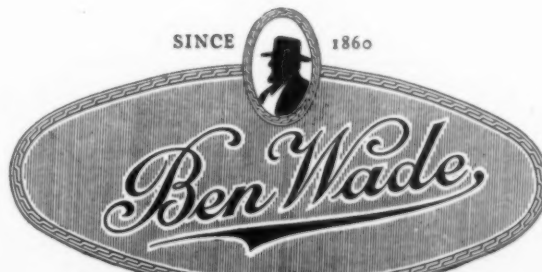
The answer, usually, lies with the pipe and not the man. Some men can smoke anything . . . they seem to have been born with cast-iron throats and no taste nerves, but they are a tiny minority.

To them "breaking in" a pipe is nothing . . . but to most men it's an ordeal that forbids the inimitable pleasure of a pipe. Every man who smokes can enjoy a pipe. He may even find himself on a straight pipe diet . . . if the pipe is right.

The Ben Wade is the perfect example of a "right pipe." First of all, it needs no breaking in. It's a sweet old pipe from the first day on. The patented exclusive Ben Wade process of finishing the inside of the bowl opens the pores of the wood and keeps them open. Perfect absorption! No other pipe does this.

And in looks . . . Ben Wades are clean-lined and beautifully balanced. They have about them that patrician air that England has learned to put into pipes and riding boots and motor cars, and all smart masculine things.

Ask any fine tobacconist. A list
of them is shown at the sides



MADE AT LEEDS, ENGLAND

Where to buy BEN WADE PIPES

Cambridge, Mass.—Leavitt & Peirce, Inc.
No. Attleboro, Mass.—No. Attleboro Drug Co.
Springfield, Mass.—M. H. Barnett
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Van Boven, Cress & Thompson
Battle Creek, Mich.—Main Cigar Store, Skinner & Titus
Detroit, Mich.—Watkins Cigar Stores Co., 1551 Woodward Av.
East Lansing, Mich.—C. A. Washburn
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Pope & Heyboer, 118 Monroe Av.
Jackson, Mich.—E. W. Chapin & Son, 170 W. Main St., M. Sanwald, 113 Francis St.
Kalamazoo, Mich.—W. A. Fall
Lansing, Mich.—Rouser Drug Co.
Mt. Clemens, Mich.—The Brunswick
Muskegon, Mich.—L. H. Fink
Saginaw, Mich.—Oppenheimer Cigar Company
Albert Lea, Minn.—Blake's Smoke House
Duluth, Minn.—Louis G. Clark, Alworth Bldg., Ernest R. Lade, 229 W. 1st St., E. W. Rose, 313 W. Superior St., Joseph Vander-yacht, Board of Trade Building, Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson Co., Louis Nathanson Co., 24 Fourth St., North Price Cigar Store, 202 Fourth St., South, Carl F. Thomas, 19 Seventh St., South.
St. Paul, Minn.—Herbert W. White, 114 E. 4th St.
Meridian, Miss.—Standard Drug Company
Kansas City, Mo.—Ricksacker Cigar Co., 9th & Walnut Sts.
St. Joseph, Mo.—Rose & Tivol Cigar Co., 725 Edmund St.
St. Louis, Mo.—Moss & Lowenhaupt Cigar Co., 723 Olive St.
Great Falls, Mont.—Fred Hussman
Omaha, Neb.—Getten & Wickham Cigar Co., 1606 Farnam St.
Exeter, N. H.—Weeks & Seward
East Las Vegas, N. M.—A. B. Stemple, Crockett Bldg.
Montclair, N. J.—H. & H. Shop, 482 Bloomfield Av.
Newton, N. J.—Frank J. Boglioli
Albany, N. Y.—Luddy & Conklin, 95 State St.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Joseph T. Snyder, 331 Main St.
Fulton, N. Y.—Foster Bros.
New York City, N. Y.—J. P. Carey & Co., Grand Central Station, Charles & Co., 43rd & Madison Av., Wm. A. Hollingsworth, Woolworth Bldg., Pennsylvania Drug Co. Stores, The Stearns Co., 35 Wall St., Trinity Cigar Co., 111 Broadway
Rochester, N. Y.—Fred H. Lintz, 32 E. Main St.
Cincinnati, O.—The Dow Drug Co., Broadway & 9th St., J. S. Hill Co., Gibson Hotel, Keelson Cigar Co., 1517 Central Av., Chas. N. Krohn & Co., 509 Walnut St., The J. B. Moss Co., 511 Sycamore St., Henry Straus Co., Union Trust Bldg., also 216 E. 6th St., 6th and Walnut Sts.
Cleveland, O.—Dave Blum, 801 Euclid Av., Hugo Gellner, 1501 Euclid Av., Fred Gollmar, 163 Arcade, Louis Klein Cigar Co., 120 Euclid Av., Miller Drug Store, 12345 Cedar St., Harry D. Patch, Union Trust Bldg., Standard Drug Co., 9th and Bolivar Rd., William Wohl, 1725 E. 9th St.
Columbus, O.—S. F. Gress, 1824 N. High St.
Dayton, O.—The M. J. Schwab Co., Main and 3rd Sts.
Lorain, O.—E. J. Kingsley
Springfield, O.—L. W. Bosart & Co., 120 E. Main St.
Toledo, O.—C. W. Starr, 318 Superior St.
Van Wert, O.—Kintz & King
Vinita, Okla.—Woodson's
Portland, Ore.—Mason, Ehrman & Company
Brookville, Pa.—Sterck Tobacco Company
Harrisburg, Pa.—Fairlamb's Cigar Stores, 212 Market St.
Lancaster, Pa.—H. C. Demuth, 114 E. King St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Coates-Coleman Co., Commercial Trust Bldg., John Middleton, 1211 Walnut St., Yahn & McDonnell, Widener Bldg.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Reymor & Bros., Inc., Forbes & Pride Sts.
York, Pa.—Young & Buser
Seattle, Wash.—Spring Cigar Co., 1200 Western Av.
Wheeling, W. Va.—A. Bolton, 1325 Market St., M. Schaffer, 1200 Market St.
Madison, Wis.—Fisher Bros., 20 W. Mifflin St., Morgan Bros., 534 State St.
Menasha, Wis.—Albert J. Lenz, 188 Main St.
Milwaukee, Wis.—A. B. Goodrich Co., 235 E. Water St., Lewis-Leidersdorf Co., 620 Clybourn Av., Milwaukee Athletic Club.
Sheboygan, Wis.—Knauf Cigar Co., 323 N. Eighth St., W. A. Pfeiffer, 531 N. Eighth St.



*Fair weather style and
rough weather
comfort in*

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX FOUR WINDS TOPCOAT

You're ready for weather that any wind may bring in these coats. They have the stylish width at the shoulders, the straight hanging lines that make them smart for business or evening wear.

They're made of the finest all-wool fabrics that keep out the chill rains and winds. They have the tailoring that makes them stand hard knocks. They will meet more uses than any garment you own. Reasonably priced, too.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Life

The Prince of Liars

AFTER close investigation of the cherry-tree incident, we find to our sorrow that it is utterly without foundation.

Being without foundation, of course it must be a lie.

Then the man who told it must have been a liar.

But the man who told this monumental lie told it in the cause of Truth.

He loved Truth so much, he was even willing to sacrifice his dearest principle that it might be broadcast more widely.

He, then, instead of George Washington, should be exalted as the Truth's greatest defender.

Let us, therefore, start George Washington's Birthday better than ever by telling our children about the Truth-fullest Liar, who told a lie about *Father-I-Can-Not-Tell-a-Lie*, that little children might lie never any more!

Cyril B. Egan.



PICTURE OF A MAN TRYING TO WHISTLE
SOME OF THIS MODERN MUSIC

Ode to Orchestra Conductors

(Inspired by a Program of Modern Music)

YOU give Prokofieff and Glière;
Stravinsky you're providin';
You play whole lists of modernists,
But—

Where's my sweetie, Haydn?

Baron Ireland.

Bedtime Story

ONCE there was a man who was an ordinary clerk at fourteen dollars a week.

"There is no reason," said his friends, "why any man should be such a failure to-day."

So at their suggestion he went to a psychoanalyst, took a course in personality development, subscribed for the *American Magazine* and *Success*, followed Bernarr Macfadden's health rules, and ate three cakes of yeast daily.

That man is now making fourteen dollars every week.

B. B.



Salesman: IF YOU TAKE THIS CAR, MADAM, WE WILL PUT YOUR INITIALS ON ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Customer: IT'S NOT THE INITIAL COST, IT'S THE UPKEEP.



THE ABSENT-MINDED MOVIE EXHIBITOR

My Favorite Crime

FROM the time we were children together I had wanted to kill him, for he was the meanest kid in the world. Contemptible little truth teller! Every one hated him.

On circus day at the side show he would sneak up to a knot of kids admiring the snake charmer and whisper confidentially, "Them snakes have got their tonsils cut out. They can't bite."

My hatred for the whelp was a thing of beauty, borne gloriously on the wings of passion. I prayed God to spare him from unworthy hands, that he might fall by mine.

In youth we sat together at the vaudeville show and saw the sprightly Auburn Sisters patter through their skit. "They're not sisters at all. My Uncle Elmer knows them well," he hissed knowingly.

The flames of righteous fury raged within me and I swore a double oath that he should die a dastard's death.

Last night my hand avenged me, and the human race is richer by another curse removed. With glowing pride and joy I shook the dripping dagger in his face as he expired. He saw the imprint on the shining blade, "Made in Germany."

"Don't let them fool you," he said before he died. "They're made up here in Syracuse."

Did I do wrong?

Ranger W. Dane.

THE NORDIC: Aye want to take dis book from de library.

LIBRARIAN: This "Ben Hur"?

THE NORDIC: Yas, dat ban she.

Two Questions

NEÆRA'S hair was softer, fairer,
Cynthia's eyes a deeper blue;
And Amaryllis' kisses rarer—
As Milton knew.

It's true—

*That others are above her,
I don't know why I love her—
But I do.*

More ships were launched for Helen's face,
If Homer's story's halfway true.
Mistresses Herrick used to sue,
Like Julia, had more grace.

It's true,

*No other men implore her.
Now why should I adore her?
But I do.*

Fiume, and a great heart, lost,
Narcissine Gabriele knew.
The oozing Arno turned to blue
When Beatrice crossed.

Too true,

*She tells me that I bore her.
How then should I adore her?
Yet I do.*

All of which means, to be complete,
That all the girls along the street
Can give the one who is my sweet
A card or two.

I don't know why I love her

But I do . . .

Or do I?

Arthur Train, Jr.



Young Bride (closing the Book of Etiquette): OH, DEAR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! HERE I HAVE THE MINISTER COMING TO DINNER AND I SIMPLY CAN'T FIND OUT IF YOU SHOULD SERVE COCKTAILS BEFORE OR AFTER GRACE.

"Service with a Smile"

(It's the slogan of all up-to-date stores, but what will be the effect on the clerks? This?)

CUSTOMER: I want a couple of collars, size fifteen and a half.

CLERK (gayly): How many, old bull neck?

CUSTOMER: What's that—bull neck?

CLERK (roguishly): Now, now, Herbert! The voice with the smile wins, remember.

CUSTOMER: Shut up. Are you going to give me those collars?

CLERK (laughing heartily): How about some fancy nickel-plated dog collars, Fido?

CUSTOMER: Say, listen, you—

CLERK (with a twinkle): Or perhaps a nice, soft horse collar. Eh?

CUSTOMER (gritting his teeth): I said I wanted collars.

CLERK (winking slyly): You're not thinking of a horse's neck, are you, you old law-breaker?

CUSTOMER (hanging weakly onto the counter): Collars! Collars!

CLERK (chuckling): As the old fellow said, "A collar! A collar! My kingdom for a collar!"

CUSTOMER (hoarsely): A collar, please, please, a collar!

CLERK (playfully): All right, I've got one. Guess which hand it's in.

CUSTOMER (feebly): Collars.

CLERK (chidingly): Oh, come on, now, guess!

CUSTOMER (whining): Let me alone. I ain't done nothing.

CLERK (good-naturedly): Oh, well, if you won't. But I think you might.

CUSTOMER (pleadingly): Aw, let me go, let me go!

CLERK (with great good humor): All right, old thing. Here's your neck-piece. Ta! Ta! Regards to the missus!

(Customer staggers out. Clerk turns to another clerk.)

Yes, sir—that "service with a smile" idea certainly wins. The only way to sell a customer these days is to kid 'im along.

John C. Emery.

The Daily Duodecimal

VOICE OVER PHONE: Hello, is this the Board of Health?

OFFICIAL (answering): Yes, ma'm.

VOICE: Will you kindly tell me how the second exercise goes? My Victrola is broken.



Experimental Chemist: AND TO THINK, WITH THAT TEST TUBE WE HAD THE NEXT WAR AS GOOD AS WON!

As the Advertising Writers Would Tell It

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S father had just inquired if he had cut down the cherry tree.

"Yes, Father, I cannot tell a lie," answered little George. "I did it with my little hatchet."

"Whose make of hatchet is it, my son?" asked the parent.

"It is the famous Super Steel Brand made by Willoughby & Jefferson, Incorporated," replied the youngster.

"Then the cutting was quite all right. The Super Steel Hatchet is the finest on the market, it strikes a blow that is clean, sharp, and decisive, and I will have no other brand upon the plantation. You did well to choose so reliable a tool."

F. B. M.

"It's a Long Ride, but—"

ABOUT the time he moved out to

Peekskill, Psmith dropped in to announce his move from Manhattan. "Of course, it's a long ride," he admitted, "but the scenery is wonderful. Light and air, and all the shifting panorama of Nature. Too bad you have to ride in the subway, where you can't see a thing," he added patronizingly.

That very day Psmith succumbed to the lure of the Crossword Puzzle. He doesn't know yet on which side of the tracks the Hudson River lies.

A. H.

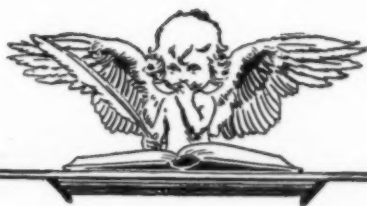
A Good Joke

FATHER (to son returning to college): Don't you want some money?

SON: No; thanks just the same, Dad. I have some left from last term.



"IT'S A WISE FATHER THAT KNOWS
HIS OWN CHILDREN"



UNDER the partial payment plan, France is learning the sensation we all experienced years ago when we bought a set of STEVENSON for a dollar a week.

It will be a typical COOLIDGE inaugural, says a dispatch from Washington. Does that mean the President will walk in the parade to save gas?

From a news story in the New York *Bulletin*: "A Klansman asked permission to conduct a Klan service. He read passages from the 13th chapter of the Book of Hebrews."

We hope that the Klansman didn't skip the first two verses of that chapter, which are: "Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

The ice-cream soda is reported to have established itself in the Argentine Republic. That makes us quits with those Argentines for sending us the tango.

A Universal Peace Day, which has lately been proposed, should give the inhabitants of Herrin, Ill., a chance to catch up on their sleep.

The average citizen talks of lawlessness and violence as menaces that are distantly removed from his own private solar system. But if one is to judge by the number of impassioned murders, sudden suicides and "I-didn't-know-it-was-loaded" tragedies that are reported daily, there is a little bit of Herrin in every home.

The Marquis DE LA FALAISE DE LA COUDRAIE, known publicly as Gloria Swanson's new husband, is one of the heirs to the Hennessy brandy fortunes. Well—they have another star in the family now.

Crossing the Atlantic by air will be a common thing in ten years, according to Brig.-Gen. C. W. THOMPSON of the British Air Service. After that, the exclusive traveler will have to be content with crossing by radio.

Anticipating this, the President has recently issued an executive order relating to aliens entering the United States in airships. "In case of airships coming to the United States from foreign coun-

tries," so runs the order, "the Secretary of State should be informed in advance of the date and place of expected arrival." Aviators failing to obey this order will probably be given the air.

The Welsh mountain Troedryhiffuwch has begun to move. Breaking up into syllables, probably.

"The members of the French Parliament," says ALBERT GUERARD, "are rather better educated than our average Congressman and are rather more brilliant than the average British M. P." Unanimously chosen as the season's most successful attempt at damning with faint praise.

It takes forty-eight million years for light to travel to the earth from a certain star, which ought to insure inhabitants of a certain star reasonable protection from being burned for matches.

Professor CHARLES S. LONGACRE told a meeting of the Anti-Cigarette League that "men should not be allowed to smoke in the presence of ladies." He may be right, but it does seem sort of foolish just to sit and watch them, and strike matches, and bring them ash-trays.

The Trappist order of monks, driven away from their monastery at Banz, Bavaria, by tourists, are looking for a place to establish one of their abodes of silence. They might try Democratic Headquarters.

And by the way, JOHN W. DAVIS has retired to private practice with almost as many law partners as he had votes in the last campaign.

Suggestion to distinguished foreign visitors: Why not lay a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier? It would be a wonderful publicity stunt.



Extracts from Famous Baby Books

BABY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Born March 19, 1860.

MARCH 21, 1860—Baby starts talking.

DECEMBER 24, 1860—To-day Baby invoked Santa Claus in a four-hour oration asking for a silver coin for Christmas.

AUGUST 30, 1861—Baby gets his first teething ring dipped in grape-juice.

AUGUST 31, 1861—Baby cuts his first tooth and snaps at brewery horse.

JANUARY 3, 1862—On this day Baby was in great glee at his first sight of a donkey.

JANUARY 4, 1862—Baby tries to ride the donkey, but falls off.

JANUARY 5, 1862—Donkey dies of annoyance.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1862—Baby talks his way through three teething rings and is placed in sound-proof cage.

FEBRUARY 2, 1863—Baby weeps bitterly at sight of organ grinder's monkey.

APRIL 28, 1863—Baby has mumps, can't talk, and grows despondent.

M. A. T.

The Rover Boys in the Snow

Or: A Merry Romp and Its Consequences

"WINTER is here!" cried Sam, bounding out of bed with a cheer.

"Where?" came back Tom merrily.

"In the pig's eye!" replied Sam, playfully ramming a large handful of snow down his brother's pajamas. Tom retaliated by pitching him through the window, and the fun was on.

"Wake up, Dick!" Tom shouted, packing a snowball in which he had cleverly concealed a portion of lead-piping. "Let's go skiing!"

"We ought to study," objected Dick seriously. "We've been here in Putnam Hall now for twenty-eight years, as related in the Rover Boys Series, volumes

1-367. It's time we buckled down and graduated."

"If we graduate it will stop the series," said Tom merrily, and he strapped on his snowshoes and skis and led the chase to the mountain-top.

"One to make ready, two for a show, Three to get set, and four to go!" shouted Captain Putnam.

Owing to a taut piece of wire which Tom had cleverly stretched part-way across the path, the Rover Boys soon outdistanced their rivals. As they catapulted amid flying snow-crystals they found themselves skiing rapidly down a long, dull, descriptive paragraph, when suddenly crash! they shot through a

window and brought up against a stone fireplace. "Hark!" harked Dick. "Do you hear anything?" They listened carefully. From the next room came the sound of smashing and shouting, followed by shots and several blows as from a blunt instrument, like a Boy Scout knife.

"Something is wrong!" Dick decided; and just then some one hit him on the head and he knew no more; in fact, not as much.

Chapter Thirty-Six

"Tom! Sam!"

"Dick! Tom!"

"Sam! Dick!"

Dick made a rapid computation. "We are all here!" he finally decided, and removed his blindfold. Pop! pop! went his eyes at what he saw; for there in the room, tied and bound, were Dora Stanhope and Nellie and Grace Laning, Uncle Randolph, and several other characters you would recognize in an instant if I named them.

"It's that horrid Dan Baxter," explained Dora. "He captured us."

"This is his counterfeiter's den," explained Nellie, pointing to the heaps of five-dollar gold pieces on the floor with Dan Baxter's initials on them.

"He has set the woods on fire," explained Grace. "Save us!"

The roaring wind bore the flames down upon the old farmhouse and the place seemed doomed, when Tom suddenly had an idea. Doffing his coat, he ran to the roof, seized the weather-vane and turned it in the nick of time, deflecting the wind and saving the house from the onrushing flames.

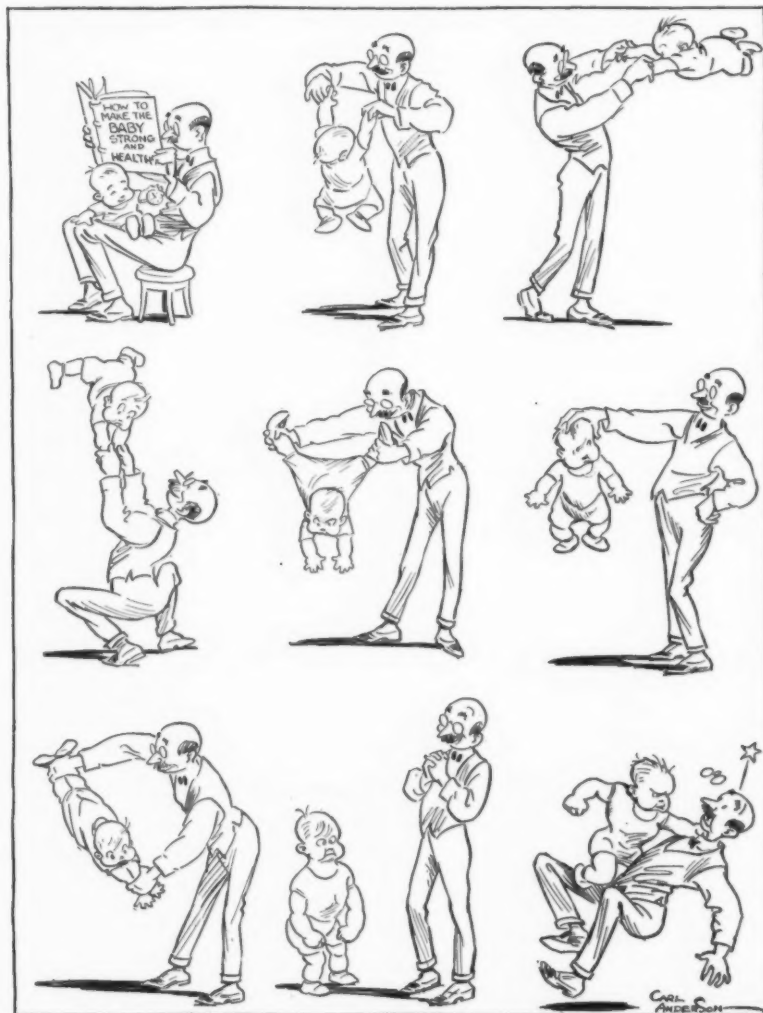
"Hurrah for the Rover Boys!" cried Dora. "They're all right!"

"WHO'S all right?" shouted the rest.

But the answer to this question and many others, including where to park your car in the theatrical district and how's your uncle, will not be disclosed until the next volume, to be entitled: "The Rover Boys in Brooklyn; or, How Tom Escaped from the Nordics." And here let us say Good-by.

GOOD-BY.

Corey Ford.



THE PHYSICAL CULTURIST'S CHILD

"I THINK Mrs. Simpson is such a sweet-looking little woman."

"I don't like her very well, either."



A DIFFICULT BUSINESS

Irate Mr. Bug: JIMINY CRICKETS, THIS IS FIERCE LUCK! HERE EVERY TIME I START TO FILL UP MY ICE-HOUSE FOR THE YEAR, OLD SILAS CHICKWEED COMES ALONG AND GOES TO THAWING OUT THE PESKY PUMP.

Fame

AN old man shambled down the street. He wore a dirty gray hat, a creased black coat with a velvet collar, cuffless trousers and broken shoes. The coat sleeves were frayed and the buttonholes hopelessly enlarged. The collar was bent and torn, and a frazzled tie exposed a bright collar button.

A minister passing him thought he was a book seller.

A housewife classified him as a tax collector.

A bookkeeper said: "There goes another bookkeeper."

A student thought he was a janitor.

A stenographer mistook him for an insurance agent.

A newspaper reporter believed him to be an editor.

A dowager regarded him as a tramp and offered him fifty cents for lunch.

He was Professor Francis St. J. Hardan, head of the history department of Esek Greene College, author

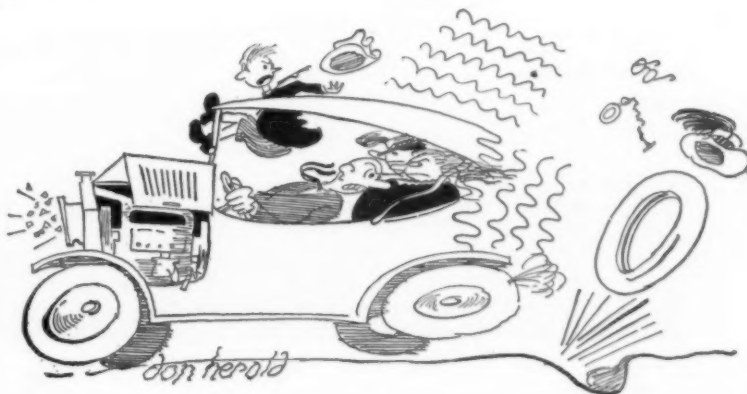
of three volumes on European history and politics, and lately made an honorary Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

H. M. H.

AMERICA has 2,200,000 golfers and 109,999,999 people dressed for the part.

Police Efficiency in Mediæval Scotland

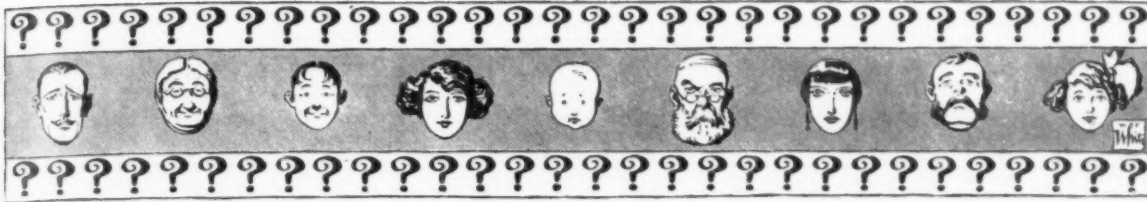
THE Messenger had just caught sight of Birnam Wood marching upon Dunsinane, and turned to Macbeth. "Your Majesty," he cried, "cheese it! The copse!"



Dentist: THEY MIGHT AT LEAST PUT A TEMPORARY FILLING IN THAT CAVITY.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
"YE SATURDAYE NYGHT"



Prize Question Number Four

“WHAT about the younger Generation?” This is the fourth in a series of ten questions that LIFE’s readers are asked to answer. It is an important question—one that clergymen, political candidates and editorial writers would call “vital.” It concerns that prodigious element of the population which will eventually be America itself.

Many good people believe that the younger generation is a menace; others view it as a gleam of hope on an otherwise drab horizon; every one concedes that, as a study, it is extraordinarily interesting. What, in the words of salesmanship, are your reactions? You are invited to state them, briefly and forcibly, and present them to the world at large through the pages of LIFE. Opinions may be expressed one way or another, but answers must be limited to 200 words.

As this issue rolls through the presses, the answers to Questions Number One and Number Two are flocking into LIFE’s office—supporting in healthy abundance our initial belief that this would be an exceptional contest.

All contestants should remember that the three

major prizes, amounting to \$500, will be awarded to those who have made the highest record for the Contest as a whole—that is to say, to those who have achieved the highest rating (in point of quality) on the greatest number of questions. You don’t have

to answer all the questions to be eligible for these major prizes; but it stands to reason that those who are the most consistent performers will have the best chance.

Answers are judged solely on the effectiveness of their presentation. It does not matter whether you are for the younger generation or against it, so long as you are able to explain why effectively.

The answers that have already been received indicate an exceptional degree of thoughtfulness and perception. This, then, is not a contest for morons: it is aimed directly at the intelligence. If you have any loose intelligence lying around the house, here is your chance to use it.

There will be a new question in the CALIFORNIA NUMBER next week, together with announcement of the winning answer to Question Number One: “What is the Worst Law in the United States?”

Prizes

For the best record throughout the Contest:

FIRST PRIZE.....\$300
SECOND PRIZE.....\$125
THIRD PRIZE.....\$ 75

For the best answer to each individual question:

WEEKLY PRIZE.....\$50

This Week’s Question:
WHAT ABOUT THE YOUNGER
GENERATION?

(Answers to this question must be received at this office not later than noon of February 28, 1925.)

CONDITIONS

ONE question will be published each week for ten weeks, starting with the January 29th issue. Answers to each question must be received at this office not later than 12 noon on the second Saturday following announcement of the question (in this case, before noon of February 28).

The winning answer to each question will be awarded a prize of \$50. Announcement of these winning answers will be made in LIFE within five weeks after each of the questions is published.

To the three contestants who have the highest record throughout the Contest, prizes will be given as follows: First, \$300; Second, \$125; Third, \$75.

To be eligible for these prizes, it is not necessary for a contestant to answer all of the questions, but it is advised that he or she submit as many answers as possible. Each answer must not exceed two hundred words; in fact, brevity should be an object. There is no limit to the number of answers which a contestant may submit.

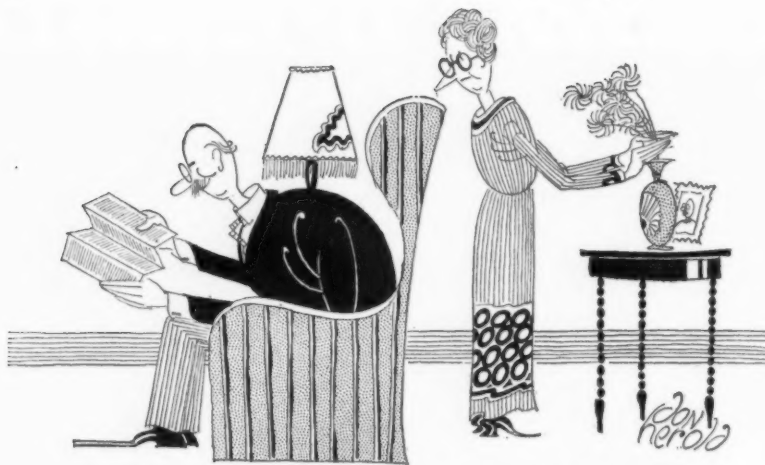
Answers must be typewritten, or very plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Question Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

The Editors of LIFE will act as Judges in this Contest; they, and the members of their families, are necessarily barred from competition. The

Read these carefully!

decision of the Judges must be considered final. The Judges can not undertake responsibility for the receipt or return of any manuscripts. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. Checks for the weekly prizes, as well as for the final major awards, will be sent to the winners simultaneously with the announcements in LIFE. The Contest is open to every one, whether a subscriber for LIFE or not.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our usual rates—without regard to whether it wins a prize.



Husband: YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE THERE'S SOME GYPSY IN MY BLOOD.

Wife: WHY DO YOU THINK THAT?

Husband: I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND TIME-TABLES.

Natural Query

CUSTOMER: What is your price per gross on engagement rings?

WHOLESALE JEWELER: Are you going to open a store or are you a movie actor?

Prevention and Cure

PEOPLE move out into the suburbs because it's so good for the children's health, and they move back into town because they have to be near a good doctor for the children.

The Nuisance Eternal

THE sound of Mammy songs I hate
That vaudeville singers caterwaul
so;

And my great-great-great-great-great-
great-

Great-grandchild, I suspect, will also.

Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"MINNIE an' Harold got back from their winter vacation to-day, all fagged out an' ready for a good, long rest. Minnie says she never worked harder in her life havin' a good time an' sometimes she wishes Harold wasn't makin' such a large salary so there wouldn't be so much to spend.

"She's a shadder of her former self but I can tell she can hardly wait for summer to come so she'll have an excuse to go 'way again. Harold says it really ain't as cold in the South in the winter-time as he thought it was. He says he's a little bit tuckered just now but give him a coupla months an' he'll be ready to go North for the summer, some place where it's good an' hot."

McC. H.



The Realtor: BUT, MY DEAR SIR, DO YOU REALIZE THE HISTORICAL DISTINCTION OF THIS MATCHLESS PROPERTY?
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON—THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—ONCE SPENT A SLEEPLESS NIGHT IN THIS HOUSE!

A Child-Labor Garden of Verses

Mornings

SUMMER fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Lunch-box filled, but not for school:
"To the mill!" is childhood's rule.

At the Seaside

When I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me
There on the sandy shore;
I laid the spade upon the sand—
Because I did not understand;
I'd never played before.

Sunbeam March

All round the plant is the sunshine
bright;
It smiles through the window-pane;
It crawls in the transoms, hinting of
delight;
But it might as well be the rain.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

In 1975

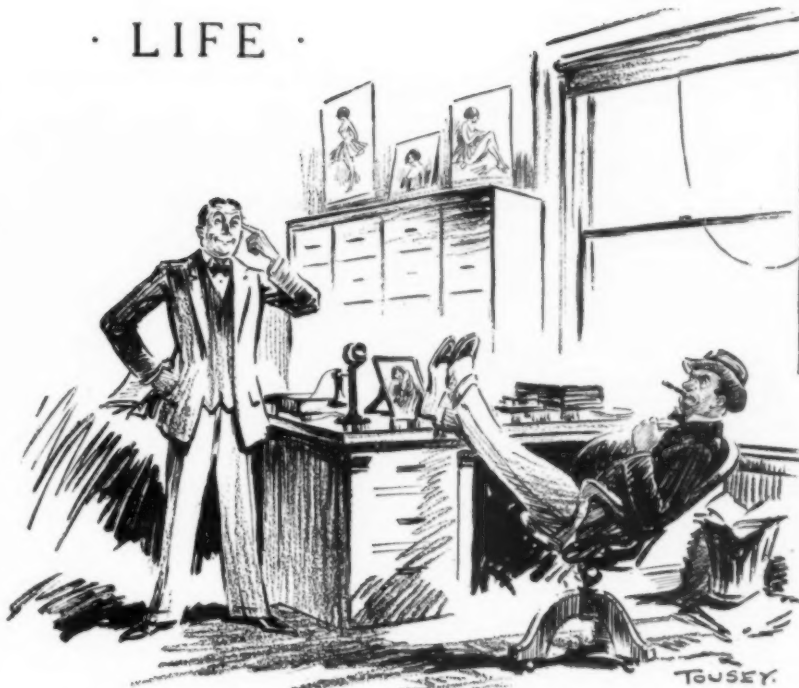
FIRST BROADWAYITE: That actor is in soft.

SECOND BROADWAYITE: How come?

"He has one of those inheritance rôles in 'Abie's Irish Rose' bequeathed from father to son in perpetuity."



"I WUZ TURRIBLE HUMILIATED! HE ONLY LEFT A QUARTER
ON ME TRAY AN' I FERGOT MESELF AN' THANKED 'IM!"



Playwright: I HAVE IT! I'LL REWRITE THE DECAMERON FOR A COUPLE OF YOUR STARS TO PLAY IN.

Manager: O. K. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT SOME SPICE INTO IT IF YOU WANT TO COMPETE WITH THE OTHER BROADWAY SHOWS.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

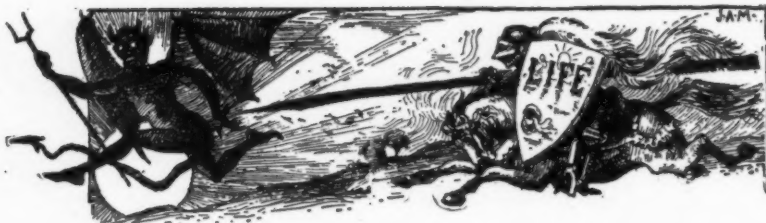
February
12th

Awake betimes, steeling myself to go up once more against the greatest problem in my life, which is getting proper credit for the empty siphons we return, the druggist having no greater faith in my integrity than I in his. Lord! I had liefer drink still waters for the rest of my days than go into such conflict for the sake of eighty or ninety cents, but my husband, unfortunately, likes a tang to his beverages... Mary Skipworth to luncheon with me, all a-twitter over the fresh asparagus, and I did remind her that since she and I are alike in getting pleasure out of little things, it were well to believe what the platitudinists say about life's being founded on them. M. remarking that the criticks have begun to pick on Robert Louis Stevenson, we fell a-talking of our boarding-school days, when we so treasured Virginibus Puerisque, and we recalled how a certain girl had not made our sorority because she did eat the lettuce that garnished her cold tomato. Rereading Ethel Kelley's "Wings" in the evening, the hero of which set me to pondering why a confirmed aesthete is almost always a despicable character.

February
13th

Sam complaining of an agony in his throat, we did have the doctor in after breakfast, and Lord! the poor wretch's goings-on over the painting of his tonsils were enough to have brought the police upon us had the windows been opened. At my wits' end to keep him entertained, I did set him to devising the most unpleasant remark that one person could make to

(Continued on page 31)



FEBRUARY 19, 1925

VOL. 85. 2207

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

LANGHORNE GIBSON, Sec'y and Treas.

598 Madison Avenue, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



SO many people nowadays have the impulse to make laws, or promote law-making, in restraint of human conduct that it is desirable to increase understanding of what is accomplished when a law of that character is made. For example, the organization known as the Lord's Day Alliance has a bill in Albany putting new limitations on things that may lawfully be done on Sunday. The *World* says it needs watching, and doubtless it does. And by the way, who is "the Lord" of the Lord's Day Alliance? Is he the Lord of Moses and the Pharisees, or the Lord of the Christians and the Sermon on the Mount? Because there is a vital difference in the sentiments attributed to the two said Lords about Sabbath keeping. But the Legislature at Albany is probably equal to dealing with that bill.

A READER of LIFE writes from Iowa about another branch of law-making—the prevailing anti-rum laws—and thinks that remarks about them in a recent LIFE are "open to criticism."

Of course they are. Everything in LIFE is open to criticism, and you may spell LIFE with a small "I" if you like and the same will be true. What LIFE said was that violators of the drink law did not break it for the sake of breaking it, as another contemporary had intimated, but because they had guests coming to dinner and wanted something to drink. But our Iowa brother makes light of that and says, "A criminal breaks the law because his passion leads him to take or do a thing forbidden by

law. His conscious motive is not a defiance of law, but it is a defiance just the same."

NOW then, we get to a point. Is a lawbreaker necessarily a criminal? Is he necessarily bad? Is his breach of the law necessarily evil? That is what the bulk of the lawmakers do not seem to understand. They think that when they have managed to get a law through a legislature and got a Governor or a President to sign it, they have made something wrong that was not wrong before. But really they have done nothing of the sort. They have not changed the good or evil of any act a particle. They have simply gained a title to employment of the police in preventing certain actions, and a right to take persons to court who do those acts, and fine them or send them to prison if they are convicted. But as to right or wrong, that is another matter. Among the heroes of history, the people who did most for human liberty and human happiness, is a splendid galaxy of lawbreakers. It consists considerably of heretics who were burned at the stake or otherwise disposed of, and canonized in due time afterwards when the mass of people discovered that they had been right. Before the Civil War in this country, when the law said fugitive slaves should be returned to their masters, an organization of lawbreakers established the "underground railroad" by which the fugitives were forwarded across our northern line and into Canada where they were safe. Were they criminals, these people, largely Quakers, who managed the underground railroad?

It is not likely that any bootleggers will be canonized. They are lawbreakers for money, and that is different from being lawbreakers for principle.

But the fact that fairly decent people trade with them—folks who would not buy stolen goods from a "fence"—is significant of the lack of moral sanction for the Volstead law.

THERE is a story of a bootlegger and his customer. "Charles," says the customer, "fetch me so and so, and if you could pick up a couple of bottles of absinthe I would be glad to have them." "But Mr. Francis," says Charles, "don't you know that absinthe is *against the law*?" For there was a law prohibiting absinthe that was passed before the rest of the Prohibition legislation, and that was respected as reasonable, and the bootlegger, instinctively, was scandalized that his customer should be willing to break it.

Laws determine, not what is right or what is wrong, but simply what is safe and what is dangerous. If they are good they win the respect of conscientious people and if they are bad they do not, but they can often enough make any prohibited line of conduct so dangerous that prudent people will avoid it. The Prohibition laws do that considerably.

LORD MOULTON (see the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1924) found three great domains of human action, that of Positive Law, where our actions are prescribed; that of Free Choice, including actions as to which we have complete freedom, and a region between them, large and important, which he called the domain of Obedience to the Unenforceable. That region he called the domain of Manners, as including all cases of right-doing where there was no one to make you do it but yourself. It was crowded, he said, on one side by "countless supporters of the movements to enlarge the sphere of Positive Law," and on the other by "a growing tendency to treat matters not regulated by Positive Law as being matters of Absolute Choice." But he was strong for maintaining it, for it measured, he said, the extent to which a nation trusts its citizens and the way they behave in response to that trust.

That is the point—one point. The Volstead Act measures the lack of trust by Congress of the people of the United States. And doubtless the difficulty of enforcing it measures the people's lack of confidence in Congressional intelligence.

E. S. Martin.



AT LAST—A WELCOME FOREIGN RELATION



An Early View of the F

LIFE ·



of the Father of His Country



The Reviewer's Easy Chair

IN our present mellow mood, brought on perhaps by the way things are picking up in Europe or the gay prospects for a better business year, we seem to go about trying just as hard as ever we can to find something good in everything. Under this benign influence, we glowed with pleasure at two quite clumsily written little plays, because in them we found here and there some very nice spots. Oddly enough (but certainly not *more* odd than enough), they were both productions of independent organizations, quite timorous and unimpressive, and, we fear, not long for this world.



"OUT OF STEP," the new offering of the Dramatists' Theatre (Inc.), is pretty repetitious and seems much longer than it really is, but we can forgive all that in the face of its virtues. It has a fresh idea and a fresh setting (a conventionalized arrangement of the jazz theory of American life which in its mad state was Mr. Lawson's "Processional"), at least two sterling performances, and a scene showing a testimonial dinner to "Uncle Charlie," which contains the most delicately devastating kidding since "To the Ladies!" For this scene alone we hail Mr. A. A. Kline as master. (Just to show you how good it was—it got very few laughs on the opening night, as most of the sophisticated New Yorkers didn't know it was supposed to be kidding.)

The two sterling performances referred to (don't tell us we haven't referred to them) were those of young Mr. Eric Dressler and Miss Marcia Byron. Difficult rôles, both of them, and handled with much skill. In view of them, and the many good points of "Out of Step," we hereby deposit one white bean in the box.



THE new-born "Art Theatre," ensconced in the mortuary precincts of the Punch and Judy Theatre, offers "The Small Timers" as its initial production. We have seen much worse offered in the twenty-fifth year of producing by many of the old boys. In spite of its atmosphere of being done in the vestry (due, in no small part, to the size of the stage, which offers the facilities of a balloon-basket for ensemble work), there is something about Mr. Entrikin's little play which is distinctly nice and something about the cast which is nicely distinctive. And the one scene in the small-time vaudeville house, where the Misses Grey do a sister-act billed as "Wind and Wave, the Breezy Sisters," is one of the best things in town. We should also like to

suggest young Leslie John Cooley for Gregory Kelly rôles when Gregory Kelly starts in playing William Collier rôles. Granted the amateur note in "The Small Timers," we prefer it to the professional note in "The Harem."

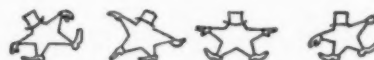


JANE COWL comes in with "The Depths," and while even our genial great-heartedness will not allow us to endorse it to our flock as entertainment, we do not see wherein it is any worse than its classmates. The story is so old that we shall not attempt to tell it for fear of getting it mixed up with some one of the others, and the translator has been so fearful of vulgarity that he has called a streetwalker a spade (and incidentally, if all the streetwalkers in New York casts were to walk up some street together one night there would be the biggest parade since Dewey came home). But withal, Miss Cowl is Miss Cowl, and that is something, and there is so much joy and merry-making in the world that a little gloom and contemplation of sin will never hurt any one now and then. This "The Depths" furnishes, with something left over for breakfast.



ALTHOUGH "Beyond" will have left the Provincetown by the time the crowds have snatched this copy of LIFE from the news-stands, we will quote from it a passage which seems to sum up the spirit of its genre. It was one of those monosyllabic dramas, in which two characters (this time Helen Gahagan and Walter Abel) sit in space and ask questions of each other, none of which is ever answered. One will say: "What was that noise in my soul?" and the other says: "I see my destiny," which really leaves things right where they were, doesn't it? I mean—

So Miss Gahagan, very lovely in a red dress, wakes up from a dream or something and asks: "Is it morning? Is it evening?" and Mr. Abel says: "It is always the same day." That sort of sums it up. It is always the same day.



AND the next time we attend the Provincetown and see twenty-two scenes scheduled, we shall take off our rubbers. That is where we made our big mistake at "Beyond." We kept them on, and got cross.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Dancing Mothers. *Maxine Elliott's*—The old story of the new generation.

The Depths. *Broadhurst*—Reviewed in this issue.

Desire Under the Elms. *Earl Carroll*—The mating season on a New England farm, involving a minimum of fun.

Diff'rent. *Provincetown*—A revival of O'Neill's study of intensive continence.

The Dove. *Empire*—To be reviewed later.

Episode. *Bijou*—To be reviewed next week.

Ladies of the Evening. *Lyceum*—How one young woman was saved from sin.

My Son. *Nora Bayes*—Still running.

Old English. *Ritz*—George Arliss in a delightful characterization.

Othello. *Shubert*—Walter Hampden's revival of that old black-face act.

The Piker. *Eltinge*—A new figure in crook psychology, with Lionel Barrymore to play it.

Processional. *Garrick*—Vivid and stirring expression of American life in terms of jazz.

Silence. *National*—Good, easy-running criminal baiting, and H. B. Warner.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—Pauline Lord and Richard Bennett in a poignant play of paternity in Northern California.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—Something for you to see, thrill at, and think about the next time they try to start a war on you.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—The white man's burden in Africa.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Came morning.

Badges. *Ambassador*—Madge Kennedy and Gregory Kelly in pretty smart detective work.

Candida. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Just about as good a comedy as you will find, done just about as well as it could be done. Katharine Cornell in the title rôle.

The Dark Angel. *Longacre*—To be reviewed later.

The Firebrand. *Morosco*—Joseph Schildkraut as *Benvenuto Cellini* the quick worker, in a few of his fastest affairs.

The Good Bad Woman. *Comedy*—To be reviewed later.

The Guardsman. *Booth*—A pleasant comedy enhanced tenfold by the presence of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

The Harem. *Belasco*—Mr. Belasco's current contribution to salacity, with Lenore Ulric heading the cast.

Hell's Bells. *Wallack's*—Only fair.

Is Zat So? *Thirty-Ninth St.*—A very funny show, and even more than that.

Mrs. Partridge Presents. *Belmont*—Blanche Bates in very nice stuff indeed.

Out of Step. *Hudson*—Reviewed in this issue.

Pigs. *Little*—All you could ask by way of light entertainment.

Quarantine. *Henry Miller's*—Two young people on a honeymoon *malgré eux*. Helen Hayes and Sidney Blackmer as the young people.

She Had to Know. *Times Square*—To be reviewed next week.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—They don't make them any better than this.

The Small Timers. *Punch and Judy*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Undercurrent. *Cort*—To be reviewed next week.

The Youngest. *Gaiety*—Henry Hull and Genevieve Tobin in nice, though confused, banter.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Casino*—One of those revues.

Betty Lee. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Fair enough.

Big Boy. *Winter Garden*—Al Jolson back again.

Chauve-Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Balieff and a new bill.

The Grab Bag. *Globe*—Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn, and Ed Wynn.

Lady, Be Good. *Liberty*—The Astaires, Walter Catlett, and a Gershwin score in highly satisfactory combination.

The Love Song. *Century*—Expensively done and musical.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Fannie Brice and an all-around good revue.

My Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Rather nice.

Patience. *Greenwich Village*—That revival you have been looking for.

Puzzles of 1925. *Fulton*—To be reviewed next week.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Still packing them in.

The Student Prince. *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Male chorus singing that makes you realize how seldom you hear it nowadays.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Ann Pennington and Will Rogers and—oh, you know.



HELEN HAYES IN "QUARANTINE"



"FOR TH' LOVE OF PETE, MARY, WHERE'S THE CUE-BALL?"
 "I'M SORRY, DEAR, BUT I LENT IT TO OLD MRS. JONES FOR A NEST-EGG. CAN'T YOU JUST PRETEND THERE'S A CUE-BALL?"

Parking Space

A CERTAIN church in a Middle Western town maintains a nursery where members of the congregation who have young children may leave them in care of a young woman of the parish while they are attending the morning service.

When church was over, one fine day last summer, a little boy and a little girl remained unclaimed long after all the other children had been taken home. Finally, a man and a woman came rushing in breathlessly. As the children ran to their arms, the mother explained apologetically to the young woman in charge:

"We're so sorry to have kept you after hours, but we simply couldn't get around the course any sooner."

The Wiseacre

HEAD bowed, with not a glance aside, He passes by—stern-faced, un-winking.

What keeps him so preoccupied?

He thinks he makes you think he's thinking.

"PRACTICE makes perfect" doesn't seem to apply to Prohibition.

Colonial (on bank of Potomac): OUCH! THAT CURSED YOUNG WASHINGTON KID IS THROWING DOLLARS ACROSS HERE AGAIN!

Famous Non-Historical Places

The DeBunk Tours—One Starts Every Minute

BOSTON—Native city of Benjamin Franklin, who was not shocked by a key and a kite in a thunderstorm.

Philadelphia—City in which the Liberty Bell did not ring out on the Fourth of July.

Fredericksburg—Boyhood home of George Washington, who did not cut down the cherry tree.

Stratford-on-Avon—English village where the author of Shakespeare's plays did not live.

North Pole—Famous flagstaff not discovered by Dr. Cook.

Bunker Hill—Famous monument erected to commemorate a battle on another hill.

Waterloo—Ground erroneously credited with a victory won on the playing fields of Eton.

The Capitol—Large marble building in Washington where the Senate does not meet.

Flanders—Low country where the army did not swear terribly.

The Sun—Well-known heavenly body first halted in its journey around the earth by Joshua. Still standing still.

W. L. Werner.

The Saddest Thing

THE saddest thing about the average political spellbinder is not that he rants and raves and doesn't tell you anything worth while.

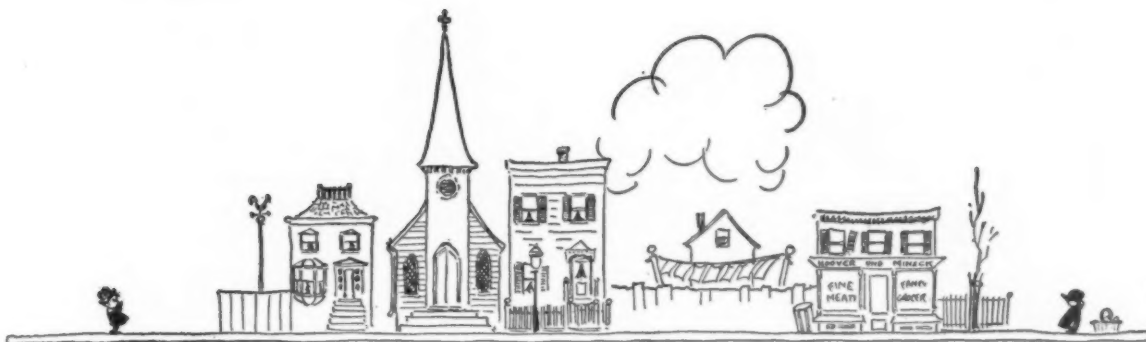
Nor even is it the saddest thing that he doesn't know anything worth while to tell you.

No, the saddest thing by all odds is that if he did know something worth while, he wouldn't tell it—because he wouldn't consider it advisable for you to know anything that was worth much while.

The less the public knows the easier it is to deal with it. Such is the law and the gospel of the politician.

Ellis O. Jones.

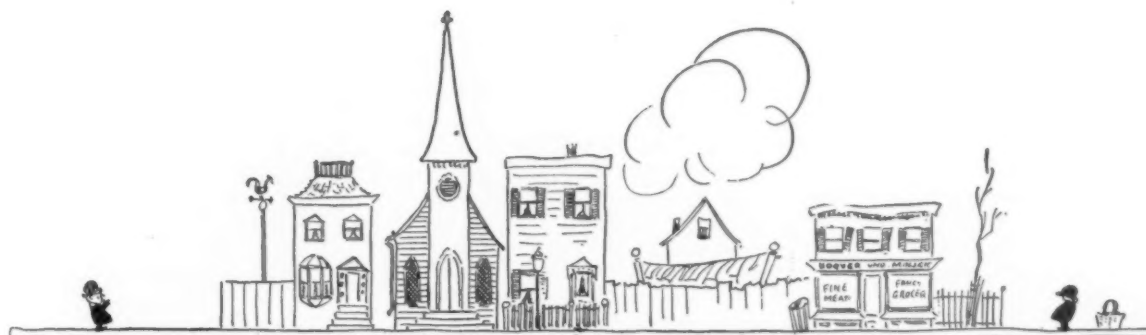




"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FROGS AND PEOPLE?"



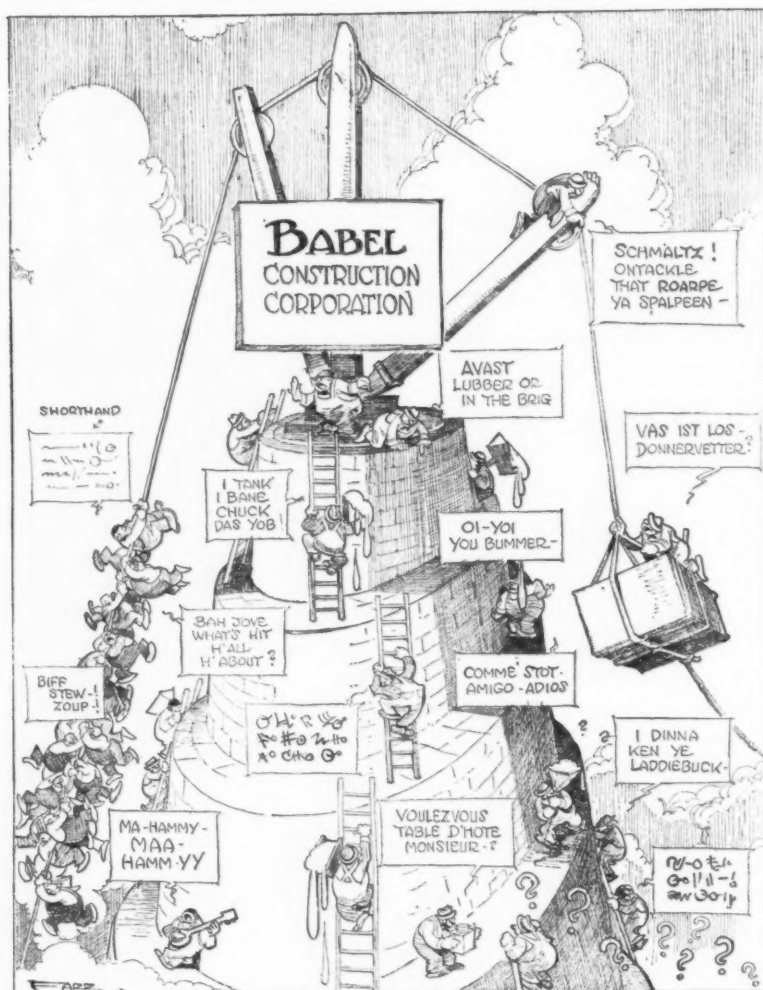
Butch O'Leary: GWAN! I'LL GIVE YA A SOCK IN THE NOSE!



Skippy: WRONG! FROGS DON'T MARRY.

P. L. GOSSET

Skippy



THE ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Unmeet the Wife

THERE ought to be some form of social disintroduction by which two souls no longer affined might, by the good offices of a common friend, go their separate ways without the burden of personal obligation or dutiful interest. Thus, Smith, approaching Brown, might say:

"I say, Brown, do me a favor. You know our old friend Jones? Well, I'm sick of him. I'd like to unmeet him. Disintroduce us, will you?"

"Delighted," says Brown, beckoning to Jones. "Jones, here's your old friend Smith, who no longer cherishes your acquaintance. Shake hands, will you, and tell each other to go to the devil. I'm sure you two fellows will make good strangers. I'll have a

drink with you now, Smith, and with you, Jones, in ten minutes."

There it is, simple, suave, and effective. Smith is under no further obligation to listen to Jones' talk about his golf game and Jones is no longer bound to furnish Smith with a three-letter word meaning "coin of the Roman Republic." In-laws particularly would welcome such a reform—every Ruth, every Naomi feels the need of it. Probably if Mr. B. could separate himself from Mr. A. they'd quit making those absurd bets we see on the sport pages, and B. could save some money.

It is neither just nor democratic when only divorced persons may partake of the joys of estrangement.

L. N. F.

Reaction

THE Equal Rights movement has received a severe setback. According to recent advices, many tonsorial parlors, invaded of late by members of the fair-and-would-be-fairer sex in quest of boyish hair-cuts, have resumed their traditional for-men-only policy—

To the Shaver's pleasant harbor

Came a maiden slim and fair,
Weeping, pleading, "Gentle Barber,
Won't you please to bob my hair?"

To the sweetly plaintive sobber,

All unmoved by prayers or tears,
"I'm a Barber, not a Bobber!"
Quoth the Wielder of the Shears.

Arthur Guiterman.

Little Journeys to Big Towns

Chicago

CHICAGO started life as a stock-yard and grew into a literary circle. Quite a few of its residents sigh for the good old days.

The city which supplies the United States with most of its butchers' bills came into national prominence when some scoundrel sneaked a wad of money under the pillow of a ballplayer who wasn't looking. Since then people have stopped inspecting under their beds and have instituted searches on a higher plane. Numbers of wives and kiddies are still waiting watchfully.

Chicago is growing so fast that it is no longer necessary to call attention to its increase in population. A Chicagoan visiting New York these days looks about him appraisingly and murmurs, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Chicago."

Among the products of the Middle Western metropolis are Judge Landis, harvesting machines (political and otherwise), rectangular triangles, rare brands of insanity, Ben Hecht and Mr. Wrigley's lubricant for the jawbones of—let us not be Biblical—stenographers.

Chicago still lags behind New York in one respect: it has no Mayor Hylan. Heaven forbid!

James K. McGuinness.

Flapper Talk

"IT'S an awful thing to say, but Dad is certainly dumb."

"He sure is—if y' ask me. I don't see how he ever got by."

A Business Administration

(According to the Popular Notion)

(President Coolidge breezes into White House office, skims hat across room to peg on rack and sits down to desk. Immense and sudden activity on part of staff.)

PRESIDENT: 'Morning, 'morning, everybody.

ENTIRE STAFF (deferentially): Good morning, boss.

PRESIDENT: Now, then, let's see how much work we can get cleaned up to-day. Want to start the week off with a bang! Show competitors where to get off. Well, then, New, what's in the mail this morning?

POSTMASTER-GENERAL: Letter from Emperor of Japan, sir, protesting against our turning out these new Type Q submarines. Says—

PRESIDENT: Damn nuisance, that fellow. Turn matter over to Wilbur. In his department. Tell him settle affair with form letter. Don't annoy me with details. Very busy man. Oh, by the way, Dawes, howzzat new man—oh—Kellogg—catching on?

VICE-PRESIDENT: Seems to be taking hold fine, sir. He was hard at his books and had his eye-shade on when I came in this morning—

PRESIDENT: Splendid spirit, splendid. Keep eye on him. Co-operation of all hands—that's the ticket. Want everybody to feel this is just one big happy family. Thought that—oh—Kellogg would make out all right when I hired him. Too bad that chap Hughes left, though. Good man, Hughes. Would have made something of himself if he'd stayed with us. Don't like idea his branching out for himself. Wildcat scheme. Risky. Oh, well—come, come, little more activity around here—want to get things off with a bang! Mrs. Wildebrandt, take letter Premier Herriot—address on file—"Dear Mr. Herriot"—better make



Kid Swatt (junior lightweight): DAT'S GREAT, MAIZIE! NOW SING ME OLD FAVORITE, "HEARTS AND CAULIFLOWERS."

it "monsieur" instead of "mister"—these foreigners so damn, pardon me, so darn touchy—"Replying to yours of fourteenth instant, would say that all our accounts must be adjusted by first of every month and no special considerations shown any customer, very sincerely, and so forth." Dawes, did you tell that new man in charge of the legal

department—what's his name—oh, yes, Warren, did you tell Warren to fix up papers about renewing the White House lease?

VICE-PRESIDENT: Yes, sir. Thinks he can do it O. K.

PRESIDENT: Fine, fine. Peps up whole organization knowing going to continue work same pleasant quarters. Pass word around Cabinet must have important conference eleven sharp. Get supply ten-dollar gold pieces to give out—shiny ones. Want this week to be best in history of the business. Drum up trade. Get things going with—

ENTIRE STAFF: Yes, sir—a bang!

Tip Bliss.

The Busy Executive

"WHAT you doing now, Bill?"

"I'm plant manager for old Skidrox."

"Plant manager! What do you have to do?"

"Water the geraniums."



Kid (emulating the Father of His Country): I CAN'T TELL A LIE, I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET.

Tony: HA!—I SHAVA DA SKIN OFFA YOU!

Kid: AW, THAT'S THE WORST OF YOU FOREIGNERS—YOU NEVER MAKE THE RIGHT COME-BACK.



"The Last Laugh"

IT'S a good thing for the movie business that Germany wasn't entirely obliterated in 1918; for German directors, actors and technicians have been responsible, directly or indirectly, for eighty per cent. of the progress that the films have made in the past five years. The ideas that have come to us in cans from Berlin have been startlingly new, definitely advanced and, in most cases, genuinely fine. Hollywood has not always admitted openly the enormous value of these ideas, but it has shown the effects of them in countless ways.

The actual menace of German celluloid importations as competitors of the home-grown products has petered out; but we are still at liberty to live and learn—and we can learn a great deal from our late neighbors in No Man's Land. Take, for instance, "The Last Laugh"—

HERE is a marvelous picture—marvelous in its simplicity, its economy of effect, its expressiveness and its dramatic power. The men who were principally involved in its production—Carl Mayer, the author; Emil Jannings, the star, and F. W. Murnau, the director—have demonstrated that thought in Berlin is farther ahead of thought in Hollywood than the intervening seven thousand miles would indicate. These

artists tell a humble story, devoid of flourishes or frills, and tell it entirely in eloquent pictures; there is not a subtitle in the entire film! Never once is the issue in doubt—never once is the motive obscure. We see what the characters are doing, and we know what they are thinking: we are permitted to fill in the whys and the wherefores from our own imaginations—a none too exacting requirement.

"The Last Laugh" is the story of a pompous, strutting old man who gains caste in the humble district in which he lives because he happens to be the commissionaire of the expensive Hotel Atlantic. He wears a gorgeous uniform, fit at least for an Admiral of the Grand Fleet, and as he passes through dingy streets on his way home he is awarded respectful salutes by all. He glories in his circumstance.

But the manager of the Hotel Atlantic notices that the old fellow isn't quite so spry as he once was; he falters when he lifts heavy trunks from the taxicabs, and he is easily winded. So a new commissionaire is engaged. The unhappy old man is deprived of his uniform, and, as a mark of recognition of his long and faithful service, is given a purely honorary position handing out towels downstairs in the gentlemen's lavatory!

WHEN the full extent of this frightful fall dawns on the ex-commissionaire, and he realizes that he will be an object of derision in his own home—that there will be no more salutes—there appears in his eyes an expression that might well be stamped on every overworked ego: the fearful, bitter, shaming mark of deflated pride.

Emil Jannings plays this remarkable part with all the fine fervor that is his; but it is not to Jannings so much as to Mayer and Murnau that the real credit belongs. For they have done things with a movie camera that have never been done before. Their manipulation of

photographic effects is simply astounding; they have used the lens as a great painter would use a pliant brush that produces broad strokes or fine lines, sharp angles or graceful curves. They have made a moving picture that is really worthy of the name.

AFTER "The Last Laugh" has run its legitimate course, a fantastic happy ending is tacked on, with the implication: "For those of you who can not take their liquor raw, here is a ginger-ale chaser." This added conclusion does not affect the main picture in the least, for it is actually no part of it.

I understand that the happy ending was made in Germany solely for the benefit of possible American audiences—a gesture of contempt, and a justifiable one. When Rex Ingram produced "The Prisoner of Zenda" he ended it as Anthony Hope ended it—with a parting of the lovers. But exhibitors complained at this so vociferously that the parting was removed. The same thing happened in "Where the Pavement Ends," another Ingram picture, in "Blood and Sand," and in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

I am not trying to argue that the happy ending is inartistic; such a contention is absurd, as various classical examples will instantly prove. But I do argue that the happy ending isn't, or shouldn't be, essential. It is forced upon all those who try to write for the screen and its influence is dangerously bad: it makes for obviousness and for that product of a rubber stamp which is known as hokum.

Evidently all movies (to be successful) must dissolve into a roseate sunset, with the pleasant announcement that all's now right with the world. But is it? I've heard different.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 27.)



EMIL JANNINGS IN "THE LAST LAUGH"



LES POUDRES DE COTY

It is said that beauty is as beauty does—and if beauty use the wrong shade of powder, the effect of loveliness is sadly marred. COTY Face Powders are shaded in nine true flesh tones so that each type may have the one correct tint which delicately idealizes its individual colouring —



ADD STILL GREATER CHARM
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*For guidance in choosing the correct
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Two Howlers

Special notice has just reached me of two excellent schoolboy howlers. The first is a most idiomatic translation of "Pax in bello," which was rendered "Freedom from indigestion." The second relates to the well-known historical incident of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak. After describing the scene, the pupil made the Queen say:

"Sir Walter, I am afraid I have dirtied your cloak."

"Dieu et mon droit," replied Sir Walter, which means in English: "My God, you are right!"

—C. J. A., in *London Daily News*.

The Vernacular

FIRST NICE OLD LADY (after seeing "What Price Glory?"): Shall we get the hell out of here?

SECOND NICE OLD LADY: As soon as I find my goddam glasses.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

ADD SIMILES OF 1925: As restless as a kettle-drummer.—*Akron Times*.



"ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE TYPEWRITER?"

"OH, YES, SIR, I HAVE SEEN THEM LOTS AND LOTS OF TIMES."

—*Le Ruy Blas (Paris)*.

A Memory

I have no memory of his face,
A bearded man or smooth and bare;
I never heard my mother call
My father either dark or fair.

All I remember is a coat
Of velvet, buttoned on his breast;
Where I, when tired of fingering it,
Would lay my childish head and rest.

His voice was low and seldom heard,
His body small—I've heard it said;
But his hoarse cough made children think
Of monsters growling to be fed.

If any children took that road,
And heard my father coughing near,
They whispered, "Hist! Away, away—
There's some big giant lives in there!"
—W. H. Davies, in *The Spectator*.

A Wet Blanket

Western paper—"At Norton Hall last evening an enjoyable entertainment was prevented by the Handel Male Quartet."
—*Boston Transcript*.

PEG: I'm engaged. Don't tell.
MARY: Marvelous. Who shan't I tell first?—*Cornell Widow*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

The Golden Bed. Paramount—A typical C. B. De Mille extravaganza with extreme spectacular effect but no coherence.

The Redeeming Sin. Vitagraph—Nazimova in one of those primitive dramas of Apache passion.

Broken Laws. F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid conducts a sermon against parents which is sincere but inconclusive.

Frivolous Sal. First National—Thrills—Thrills—Thrills—but what of it?

The Narrow Street. Warner Bros.—Matt Moore in a mild comedy about a poor sap who makes good.

Her Night of Romance. First National—Strange goings-on in an English country home, with Constance Talmadge about as usual.

Locked Doors. Paramount—Wil-

liam de Mille steals some of his brother's raspberries.

If I Marry Again. First National—Whenever you see an "all-star cast" advertised you may assume that there's something wrong with the story.

A Lost Lady. Warner Bros.—Irene Rich is excellent.

Miss Bluebeard. Paramount—A feckless farce, with one exceedingly comic scene by Ray Griffith.

So Big. First National—It's too bad that the people who made this picture didn't take the trouble to read Edna Ferber's book.

The Iron Horse. Fox—A fine idea mishandled.

Romola. Metro-Goldwyn—Lillian Gish goes sadly astray in a series of mediaeval horrors.

The Thief of Bagdad. United Artists—I have already mentioned this.

If you live in California, or have ever been there, or have ever heard a Native Son describe it, you will not want to miss the California Number, which appears next week.



Pebeco keeps your teeth shining and safe

The Harmful Mouth Condition you must overcome

You are probably suffering from a condition of dry mouth. Practically everyone is today.

Dentists and physicians recognize it as a definite cause of the appalling amount of tooth decay which exists in spite of careful brushing.

With our soft modern diet, the salivary glands grow weak from lack of exercise. And the instant they stop pouring out their alkaline fluids, the acids of decay collect in your mouth.

Five minutes after ordinary cleaning the acids form again. The only way to prevent tooth decay is to restore the normal action of your mouth glands.

Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. It completely restores their full alkaline flow. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form and your teeth are kept not only white but safe.

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Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. K-11 635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

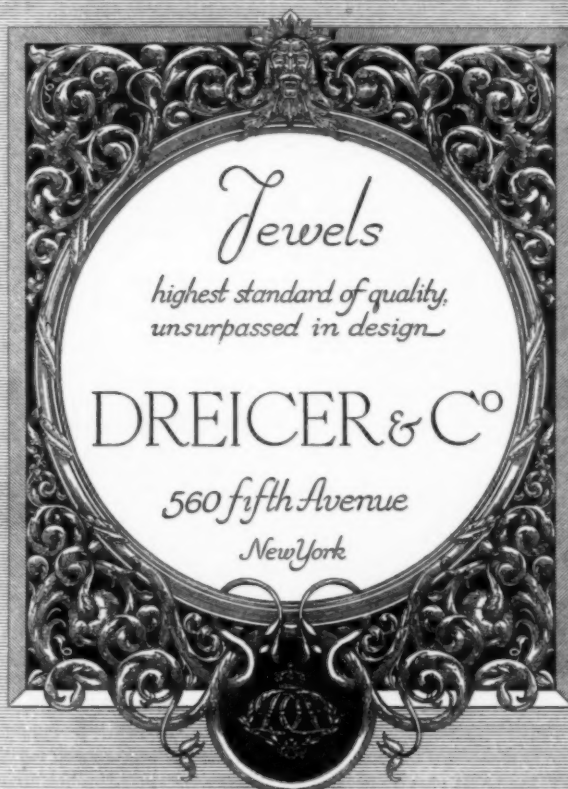
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The Manor
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A "perfectly charming" English Inn, in the glorious Land of the Sky. Southern hospitality, perfect service, concentrated comfort. Open all year. Finest of motor roads.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
 Write for Booklet "L"
 Albert H. Malone, Manager
In America—An English Inn

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 CRUISE JULY 1, SPECIALLY CHARTERED CUNARD "LANCASTRIA"; 53 DAYS, \$550 UP.
 1926 ROUND THE WORLD, JAN. 20, SUPERB a.s. "LANCONIA," 128 DAYS, INCLUDING PEKING; \$1250 UP.
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 GOOD SUMMER TOURS TO EUROPE.
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 a regular pipe for smokers, absorbing 19% Nicotin, 85% Pyridin, 33% Ammoniac. \$5.90. Literature free.
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Quitter

A freshman at the University of Michigan has fought thirty battles in the prize ring, and uses this method of getting money for his college expenses. Most of the others, more successful in overcoming their timidity, step right up and ask father.—*Detroit News*.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co. Baltimore, Md.

Nausea

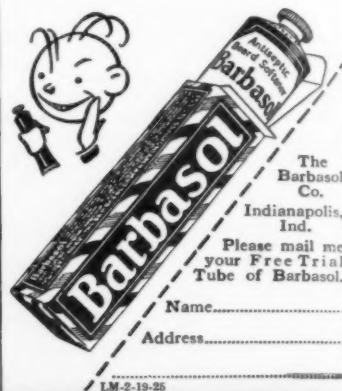
WIFE: Would you like some nice waffles this morning, dear?

HUB: No, thank you, Helen. They look too much like fried crossword puzzles, and I'm fed up on those.

—*Boston Transcript*.

Three Times and a Friend for Life

Try Barbasol just three times—according to directions. You'll never use anything else for shaving. No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart. 35c and 65c tubes.



For Modern Shaving

Revived

WIFE: Darling, I have been untrue to you. I love another.

HUSBAND: *W-h-a-t ! ! !*

WIFE: Calm yourself, dear, calm yourself. I'm writing a novel. That is only what my heroine says to her husband, and I wanted to see how the husband would act.—*Weekly Telegraph (London)*.

MAJOR'S CEMENT



IS GOOD
 For repairing china, glass-ware, bric-a-brac, masonry, plaster, billiard cues, Rubber and Leather Ce-ments. ALL THE BEST KINDS, 20c per bottle at dealers.

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What a whale of a difference
 just a few cents make

These Americans

The Floridian

He knows that no loyal grape-fruit ever squirted of its own accord.

He thinks those stories about submerged city lots are intended for humor.

He knows a Northerner when he sees one coming.

He has heard about a place called Southern California.

He knows how to spell Tallahassee.

McC. H.

So Much Velvet

"He made his money in coal."

"How?"

"Went South for the winter."

THE California Number (next week) will contain a new question in the great Contest and an announcement of the winner to Question Number One. This will be one of LIFE's greatest numbers. Don't miss it.



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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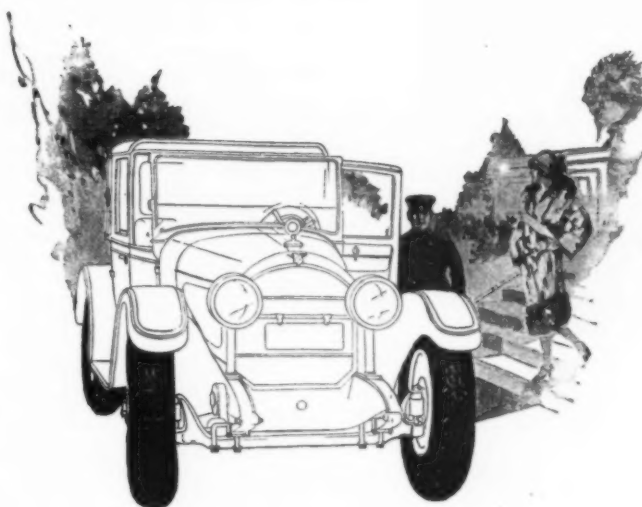
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Anoint nostrils before retiring with

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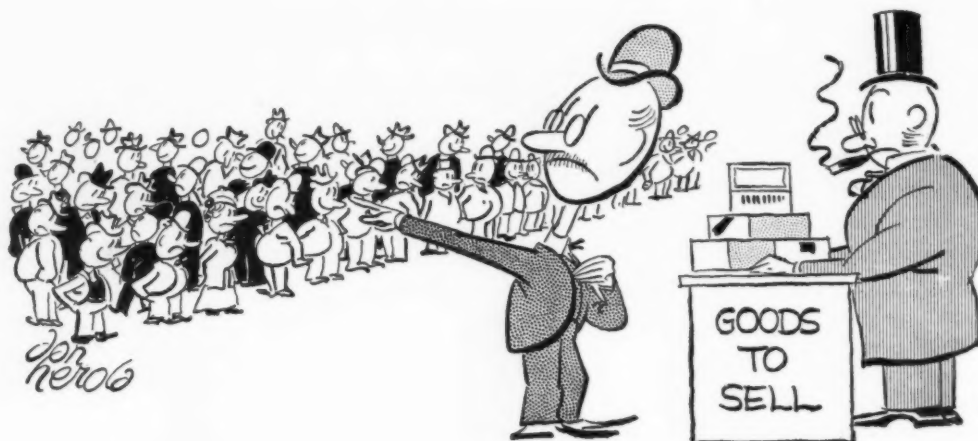


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GENERAL CORD

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GET OTHER FOLKS TO BACK MY JUDGMENT

*[This is my first ad—the first ad a
consumer ever wrote to advertisers]*

FROM my standpoint, one good thing about advertising is that it costs you advertisers real money. I suppose advertising has put a lot of you out of business.

Well, that suits me.

If your goods aren't good enough to stand big advertising, you don't last long. I love that!

When I see an advertiser sticking to advertising for years and years, I know that I am not the only guy who thinks his stuff is good. It's a

sign thousands or millions of other consumer folks like me have found value in the thing that advertiser has to sell.

Of course I can't devote all my time to choosing things I eat and wear and use. When I see something advertised over and over, it shows me other people think well of it too—or the ads wouldn't be there long.

Advertising saves me time by getting lots of other people to help me choose.

*Andy
Consumer*

THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER BETS HIS
ADVERTISING MONEY THAT HIS PRODUCT IS RIGHT

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 13)

another, and after some reflection he decided upon, I don't remember your name. And the most pleasant, he added, is, This rye whisky belonged to my great-grandfather. Then he did call for a hot toddy, after three beakers of which he was for having the gramophone brought into his room, and next he was for trying the trick with china plates which he saw in vaudeville, so that before the day was half spent I was at some pains to keep myself from administering to him a potent drug which would render him unconscious....Dined alone this night, and early, exhausted, to bed.

February 14th

S. still abed, but I did contrive a little peace for myself by putting him at crossword puzzles, against which he has always railed, and he became so engrossed that he was soon bawling for dictionaries and books of synonyms. Eugenia Seabury to luncheon, and when I did make some remark which she deemed too cynical for me, she cautioned me, Now just because you have moved into so fashionable a neighborhood, do not let it get the better of you; nobody above Twenty-third Street has any heart....Out along the Avenue to

take the air, stopping at this and that shop to find the kind of mules they have in Paris, but I did find none. Lord! what this country needs is no revision of the tariff, but a factory that will turn out a boudoir slipper with a lining that will last more than five minutes.

Baird Leonard.

The Louvain Library Fund

RESOLVED, That America's promise shall be made good; that the Louvain Library shall be restored; and our pledge redeemed that we gave to the people of Belgium after the destruction of the Great War. Who'll help?

With pleasure we acknowledge contributions from kind friends, and would remind our readers that \$1,000 is our goal; but we need not stop there.

Previously acknowledged	\$619.00
Molly E. Tyler, Philadelphia	5.00
C. H. Ward, New Haven	20.00
"A Lover of Belgium"	15.00
For Louvain Library Fund,	
San Francisco	1.00
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THOSE who answered the first question in the Contest, "What is the worst law in the United States?" must not miss the California Number (out next week), with the winning answer.



Fight

the film on your teeth for ten days

THIS offers you a ten-day test of a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions now employ it. You can see in every circle the whiter teeth it brings. It means vast benefits which you should not go without.

How film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. Under old-way brushing much of it clings and stays. It becomes discolored, forms dingy coats, hides the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few escape such troubles when they brush teeth in the old ways.

Now dental science has found ways to fight film. One disintegrates the film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. So a new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

The use has now spread the world over—to some 50 countries—largely by dental advice.

Amazing results

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Thus it gives new power to these great tooth-protecting factors. The combined results are bringing a new dental era.

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Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Based on modern research. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Nowadays everybody is somebody. To escape is practically impossible without our help. At any moment you may be called upon to be chairman of a committee. You may be asked to preside at a banquet. Even now the faculty of some remote college may be planning to offer you a degree. At any moment you may be called on to conduct a drive for your own home town hospital. Before you realize it you may become a leader of men.

Take our course and have your personality eliminated in six months for a nominal fee. Peace and obscurity are now within your grasp. Do it now.

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T. L. M.

SENATOR BORAH evidently takes the stand that our foreign relations are all poor.

NEXT Week—THE CALIFORNIA NUMBER, with announcement of the winning answer to Question Number One.



Successful men are slender men

Successful men—the men you find behind mahogany desks in private offices, the men who get ahead in this world—are slender men.

These men realize the danger of being stout—how excess weight saps their strength, slows down their thinking, mars their appearance, and hinders their advancement.

That's why for many years successful men have used Marmola Tablets—the pleasant way to reduce. It's no trouble at all to get slender by using them. Just follow the directions—no exercises or diets.

Try Marmola Tablets. All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



There's Gold in Them Air Hills—

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CALIFORNIA NUMBER

of

Life

which will be out next week. This number is dedicated to all real Californians, all recent Californians and all would-be Californians—which includes just about everybody.

There are other notable special issues coming: **ST. PATRICK'S** (March 12), **BEAUTY** (March 26) and **EASTER** (April 9) included. We suggest that you try a special subscription (ten weeks for a dollar) NOW—and get them all. The coupon in the corner will start you right. . . .

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I accept this golden opportunity to become a subscriber. Herewith my Dollar for Ten Issues. (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40.)

(371)

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AS never before you can obtain stunning effects in costume, today, by judicious selection of hosiery. The new Holeproof Hosiery styles offer the correct new colors by use of which you can have pleasing contrast with any dress or suit—or, if you prefer, the equally chic matching effect.

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SHEEREST CHIFFONS OR THE HEAVIER SILKS

BESIDES the choice of correct new colors, Holeproof Hosiery offers an equally delightful choice of full-fashioned and semi-fashioned styles—from veil-like chiffons to the heavier silks. In every pair you find flawless perfection of texture—richness, lustre—snug, smooth fit. So you cannot fail to choose Holeproof Hosiery. Prices are moderate. And it has the quality to retain fresh, new loveliness. Sold only in retail stores. If not available locally, write for illustrated price-list.

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